

Volume 8, Issue 4

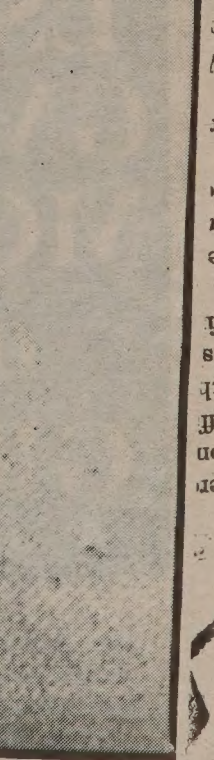
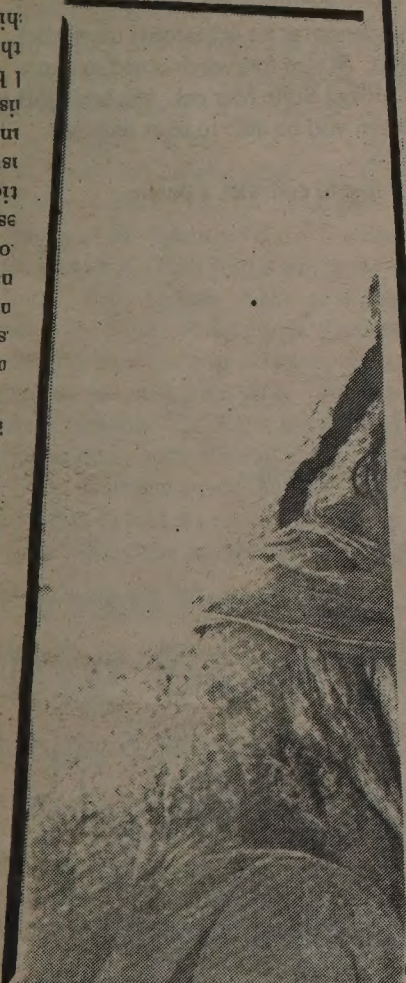
October 13, 1993

STUDENT REVIEW

An Independent Forum for Student Thought

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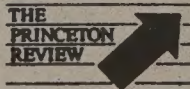
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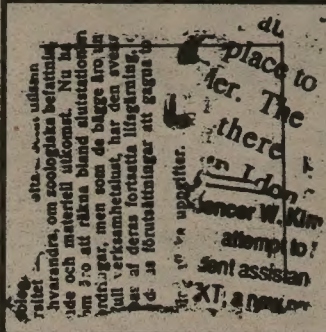
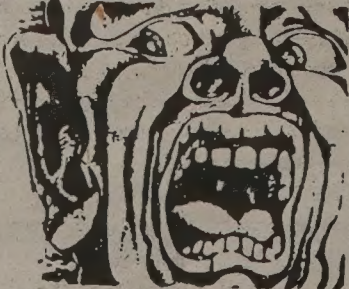
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STUDENT REVIEW

Year VIII • Issue IV

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Metropolitan Opera House.

Note from the Managing Editors

All Hyphens Aren't the Same

We realize that our editors have trusted in our talents enough to let us write this column. By the end, they may be wishing they'd written it themselves. Little did they know that our skill is not in being witty or entertaining; rather, we perform best with our Strunk & White. You want punctuation rules? We got 'em. You want excitement, thrills and hilarity? We don't got 'em.

For those of you who are still reading, let us introduce ourselves. Jennifer is an engineering major from Waco, Texas. She likes juggling and hunting small defenseless animals. Kathryn is also an engineering major, from Moscow, Idaho. She likes unicycling and eating small defenseless animals. You may think we have more in common than the average copy editors. However, Kathryn adores the dress and grooming habits of a once-homeless Thoreau. Jenn prefers well-showered men. That's where we differ.

But let's not focus on the negative. Last week we further merged our identities through the untimely demise of Kathryn's bedroom. This merits explanation and print space. Kathryn once led a fragrant existence in a south campus condominium until coaxed into a seemingly innocent room which was soon to come out of the closet. Or should we say, the closet was soon to come out of the room—carried off by fumes of mildew and torrents of mold. Even Steve, the Durfey man, was no match for Kathryn's rotting wardrobe. In case you're wondering, the point is we now share closet space, air space, computer space, sleep space and the telephone.

After a year of Jennifer having her own room, this, however, does not cramp her style. After all, they had met in the preexistence and decided that one day they would find each other and become managing editors for *Student Review*. Ice cream just wouldn't do it.

At this point, we are led to comment on how one becomes a managing editor. The first option is to sleep with one of the editors. Well... Other options include mutiny, terrorist action, or hijacking of all ice cream trucks between New York and Michigan.

In our case, we just volunteered because no one else wanted the job.

Which brings us to why anyone would want this job. We think it's the fault of our parents. As children, we were brutally tortured with shouts of "to WHOM" and "MAY—not CAN." At tender ages we were already correcting the comma splices and misplaced modifiers of friends and teachers. This is why we have no friends and are becoming teachers. Even today—at risk of ex-communication—we uncontrollably exchange knowing glances at an occasional unparallel structure from the Tabernacle pulpit. We're forever doomed to carry red pens and recite pages of the Chicago Style Manual. We hope this is a recessive gene and that our children will be able to read sentence fragments without having convulsions.

In keeping with tradition, we'd like to end with a poem:

We like to edit copy.
We think it's really fun
To slash, insert, and burn
What someone else has done.

We like to edit copy.
We know we're rather strange.
But you should see what this paper looks like
Before we rearrange.

We like to edit copy.
You may think it's lame.
But bet you didn't know—
All hyphens aren't the same.

Kathryn Hall
Jennifer Burrill

Staff people of the week:

We look to the ranks of the lowly staff writers for our inspiration this week. Emily Carlson and Joel Barber have only been laboring with the paper for a short while, but have quickly shot up in the depth chart by spewing forth article after article with consistent quality. They form what is the backbone of any paper: writers. Emily also helps with layout, faithfully spending several hours a week slaving over an unfriendly computer. Joel has been one of the first staffers this year to participate in cross-sectionalism, working with religion and campus life. We give these faithful staffers our customary *Student Review* cheer: Way to go! (repeated over and over and sung to the tune of Yankee Doodle Went to Town).

If the Dead Rise Not at All

by Matthew Polder

Gothic: a style of architecture developed in Northern France and spreading through western Europe from the middle of the 12th century to the early 16th. When one thinks of Gothic one thinks of arches towering above, holding up the heavens, shadows flirting with one's eyes. When one thinks of Gothic, one should think of Dead Can Dance.

No single word can describe their sound. Percussion instruments from around the world are used a great deal, as well as strings, flutes, penny whistles, mandora, orinoco, celtic harp, lute, and many other unique instruments.

Dead Can Dance formed in 1979 and consists of Brendan Perry and Lisa Gerrard. They find inspiration in the music of the Middle Ages through the early Renaissance, choosing a period and then faithfully recreating the styles, textures, and traditional sounds of that era. In 1984 they released their self-entitled debut and have released four other albums and an EP on import, and compilation disk domestically through Rykodisc featuring many of their best tracks. Now their sixth album, *Into The Labyrinth*, is out for the edifying of the soul.

The album features eleven tracks, starting out with a song entitled "Yulunga (*spirit dance*)" and is very enticing, beginning with Gerrard singing over a slow moving background of strings. Percussion follows reminding one of an Indian dance or something closely akin.

Every track has a wealth all its own. The lyrics are also not your run-of-the-mill pop verses, but reach for something higher. One song is a piece by Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, an American novelist and poet from the 1800's, while another track features words taken from Bertolt Brecht, a German playwright, that relates the downfall of several prominent historical men, such as Caesar.

Musically the album is much the same as previous Dead Can Dance albums, which means very enjoyable. It is not a sound you are likely to hear on the local radio station, having a flavor all its own. One particular track seems to stand out, "The Carnival Is Over," which is very light on percussion and emphasizes tiny melodious orgasms. It seems to reach into one's soul and draw out a longing desire for something not quite tangible.

The band realizes that it is not a typical music group. As Perry says about their music, "Definitely, it's a search. There's a problem with truth, of course—one person's music, is another person's lie. It's basically not so much a finality in truth, but trying to perceive some fragmentary picture, and hook as many parts together as possible. In music, it tends

"Dead Can Dance" cont. page 5



Local Music 101

by Hammond Chamberlain

In my relentless search for good music I have found a variety of styles and sounds right here in the Provo/Orem area. These aren't just Afterglow with guitars (although that wouldn't be too band of an idea); these guys really know how to play. The following is a list of some of the best and most interesting local groups that I have encountered. Some have tapes or CDs out. Others you will have to check out live. I've used a star rating system to accompany my commentary. One star means the band or album is pathetic, and five means it's phenomenal.

Season of the Spring: Formerly called the Bad Yodelers, this band has a hard sound similar to that of Alice In Chains. Their biggest weakness is that the vocals cannot match the power of the music. Perhaps they changed their name because the original name was too close to the truth. They do put on a good show, however. 3 Stars

Kim Simpson: His album *Destination*, put together with a professional touch that sets it apart, is one of the best albums available on any market—local or otherwise. His rock/folk hybrid is enchanting and supportive of his poetic lyrics. Though he has moved on to Austin to further his

career, his tape is still distributed locally. This is a must buy! 5 Stars

Ritual: This is a hard, industrial group, but not so hard that Mom wouldn't like it (mine does, really!). The tape, entitled *LoTech*, has only six songs but is worth every cent of the \$2.99 they charge. When you get this one, see if you recognize the picture under the name. This won't change your life, but it's good. 3 1/2 Stars

Scott Williams: Even though I don't know this artist I feel as if I do. He writes from his heart and shares his feelings well through the music and lyrics. He incorporates a variety of styles, ranging from a Sting-ish to a Chicago-ish sound. One song is sung in Hawaiian. 4 Stars

Ali Ali Oxen Free: *Basic* is the second tape they have released and it includes some "unplugged" versions of songs that appeared on their first album *Down the Primrose Path*, as well as one or two new ones. The first album has a strong Alphaville sound to it, and features the distinctive vocals of Delane Barrus. Steve Lemon has since replaced Delane and does a great job. 4 Stars

The Hinge: With a more straight-forward rock style, this group stands out amidst the predominant folk and ska of the area. They put on a good live show and the tape is a

must for fans of local rock. David Hyer is probably one of the best lead rock guitarists on the scene. There are a couple of songs that are not as strong as the rest, but overall it's a good album. 4 Stars

Stretch Armstrong: This energy-ridden ska band has managed to successfully capture their energy on their tape entitled *Old School*. They are an extremely talented band and they throw one heck of a live show. If you want something fast and fun, this is for you. 4 1/2 Stars

Dog House: This will take you by surprise. It's obvious the band had a little Family Home Evening with the Macintosh to do the packaging, and the tape is store bought, but the music is high quality. This trio has a unique but very enjoyable bluesy rock sound topped off with beautiful female vocals. 4 Stars

There are a good many others that you should check out as well: Playground, The Slamheads, Anyone For Squash?, Me & Jake, Ampersand, Swim Herschel Swim (CD due out any day now), Darin Johnson, and Shufflin' Noah, to name a few. Most local recordings are available at Sonic Garden CD Exchange, Graywhale, or Crandall Audio. I must admit that I was skeptical at first, but I was pleasantly surprised. So go out and give them a listen.

Curbside Recycling:

Big Star Shines On

by Jayd McFerson

At age 16, future Big Star lead singer and co-founder Alex Chilton emerged as a naive teenager with the raspy, blues voice of a Motown great. After joining Memphis R&B outfit The Box Tops, Chilton hit number one with the million-seller hit, "The Letter." Two years and too many unsuccessful records later, Chilton found himself back in a Memphis studio attempting a solo effort. During these solo sessions, Chilton met guitarist Chris Bell, bassist Andy Hummel, and drummer Jody Stephens. The resulting band stole its name from a supermarket next to the studio: Big Star Foodmarkets.

Arriving in 1972 during an era of superbands and technical indulgence, Big

Star offered a fresh sixties-influenced combination of brilliant pop sensibilities and irresistible melodies. Band members were self-admitted Anglophiles resurrecting the fun and innocence of the Kinks, Byrds, and the early Beatles. *No. 1 Record* was released during this period to intense critical acclaim and complete consumer indifference. Guitarist Chris Bell subsequently left the band, later to be killed in a 1979 car accident.

Despite both internal and external setbacks, Big Star forged on. *Radio City* appeared in 1973 amidst record company reluctance. A product of its environment, the album possessed an atmosphere of wild spontaneity and a feeling of gradually becoming unhinged. The delicate vulnerability of *No. 1 Record* was complemented by a new sense of edgy volatility. Despite

its overt musical ingenuity, *Radio City* also flopped commercially, and bassist Andy Hummel departed.

Chilton and Stephens recorded another album in 1974, alternately titled *Third*, *Femme Fatale*, and *Sister Lovers*. A hollow, spooky quality defined the album as Chilton's dreams frayed at the edges. This desolate, numb rage prevented the album's release until 1978, by which time Big Star had finally disintegrated.

Despite the band's failures financially and publicly, Big Star became an admitted seminal influence on R.E.M., the Replacements, Teenage Fanclub, the Posies, and numerous other bands. Many of these bands have come out of the closet and confessed their appreciation and respect for Big Star. The generous accolades of these bands has sparked a Big Star revival, and

the band, though now defunct, has experienced a recent resurgence in popularity. Big Star's three albums were consequently re-released in the summer of 1992, with *No. 1 Record* and *Radio City* appearing on one disc.

As a result of renewed interest, Big Star reformed for a 1993 summer tour. Original members Chilton and Stephens were joined by Jon Auer and Ken Stringfellow of the Posies to fill in the gaps and the band performed its first show in April at the University of Missouri. *Columbia*, a recording of that show, is now available and serves to reassert the vision and inventiveness of Big Star.

Curbside Recycling is an occasional Noise feature spotlighting outdated bands or albums and discussing their importance and influence on current music.

Campus Life

Top Twenty

- | | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. BYUSA reform | 8. Harriet Tubman | 14. 867-5309 |
| 2. surprise visits | 9. The Great Vowel Shift | 15. frosting |
| 3. string quartets | 10. powdered toast | 16. tungsten |
| 4. that shower fresh feeling | 11. pygmies | 17. waterbugs |
| 5. Etruscans | 12. Nestlé Quik | 18. Dynamutt |
| 6. obscure Scrabble words | 13. the metric system | 19. attics |
| 7. yaks | | 20. Mr. Microphone |

Bottom Ten

vegemite, Denny's birthday meal repeal, clammy hands, surprise visits, incarceration, hemming and hawing, oatmeal, getting shot by deer hunters while on a nice afternoon walk through the forest, particle board, Barney

House of Pranks

The first in an ongoing series of the history of campus life at BYU

by Clay Callaway,
Scott Whitmore and
Serge Martinez

Pranks are a tradition at most every college and university in the U.S. From the bra dance at Bryn Mawr College to the nude mile at the University of Michigan, from stealing the golden Egg at Mississippi State to the oak bucket at some Western school we can't remember—pranks are a vital part of Campus Life. Since the only campus life here is this page, the little known history of BYU pranks needs telling. Only by spreading their story can they be repeated and bettered.

Football has been a catalyst for some of the great pranks throughout history, and the BYU-University of Utah rivalry has been no exception. In 1939, BYU students painted the "U" and various U of U sidewalks blue. Retaliation by the Utes consisted of painting the Maeser steps, the old sundial, and the flagpole red, and proclaiming that "The 'Y' is a Girls' School" by painting it on a campus road. 1956 brought the lighting of a giant "Y" above the "U" in Salt Lake City. The Intercollegiate Knights then decided to guard the "Y," but U of U students foiled their defense by burning a "U" into the Quad's grass. In 1959, U of U frats stole the BYU Victory Bell from the Smith Fieldhouse where it used to sit parked on a trailer for transport to BYU games. In the 1970's, the "People's Front of Provo" attacked U of U fountains with blue dye. In return, "BYU Sucks" was painted in red on various buildings, including the ASB and the Marriott Center.

One of the favorite prank activities of the '60s was the panty raid. That's right, it wasn't just an invention of *Happy Days*. Male students would force their way into the female dormitories, often causing broken windows and damaged doors, and a few articles of underclothing would be exchanged. The helpless "victims" of the raid were at times seen throwing their underwear from balconies to eagerly awaiting intruders below. Women who supported the raids would turn their lights on and off repeatedly. President Ernest Wilkinson would often show up threatening to expel all participants.

In 1982, a group self-titled PRANK (People Rebelling Against Nonsensical Kustoms) replaced the daily national anthem recording with a comical recitation of the Pledge of Allegiance.

In 1959, a group of students decided to "kidnap" the Foucault pendulum from the Eyring Science Center. They wrapped it in a large canvas

bag and gave the 177 lb. bronze ball an honorary burial—Police later found the ball at the bottom of the botany pond (where they also found a number of wallets) with a large scratch requiring \$200 in repair (remember, kids, that's 1959 dollars).

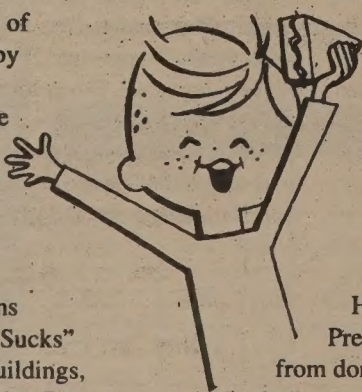
The dorms is where PPC (pranks per capita) is definitely the highest. In 1988 a group of macabre boys sprayed fake blood (corn syrup died red) all over a dormitory bathroom and then created fake appendages and laid them on the floor protruding from a locked stall. While trying to conceal evidence the group was caught and forced to clean up the mess, while University Police officers watched, muffling their laughter.

One that goes down as one of the greats in history involved the Bell Tower and a drugged cat. The keyboard to play the bells is located in the Eyring Science Center and is secured with several doors and locks. A cat was chloroformed and placed inside the enclosed keyboard panel. Then the handles were removed from all the doors and securely locked. Students all over Provo were treated to an eight-hour "concert" when the distraught cat awoke and began frantically convulsing around on the keys before campus police were able to open the doors and release the frothing feline.

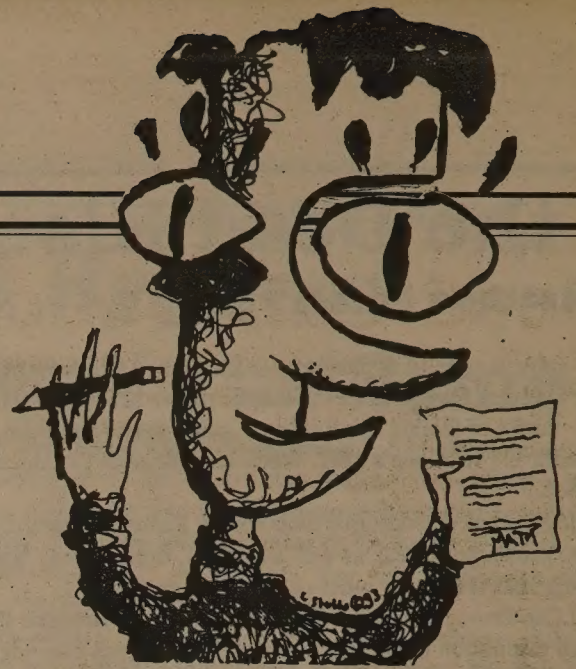
Other more common pranks are replete in BYU's history, usually occurring at least once a year. Whether it's live fish in the administration fountain, dressing of statues (two years ago the "eternal family" was turned into a snow sculpture that transformed the child into a dragon), TP-ing the Hosting Center when it was the President's home, removing furniture from dormitory lobbies, painting the "Y" (including last year's famous shamrock on St. Patrick's day), or parading around in a camel suit crying repentance to the masses, students are always inventing new ways to annoy the administration.

Although Ernest Wilkinson declared that pranks were "symptomatic of the social chaos endemic to the 1960s, deserving of stern administrative retribution," pranksters usually get off with a slap on the hand, a wink and a nudge. We heartily encourage innovative and creative new pranks. So long as no one is sent to the hospital and we don't have to pay for anything, give us a call so we can help out.

Most of the factual information in this article comes from the book *Brigham Young University: A House of Faith* by Gary James Bergera and Ronald Priddis. It's available in the HBL Library (call number LD571.B672 B47x 1985)—check it out. Everything else is from our personal archives.



MATTHEW WORKMAN'S 4696 WASTED CHARACTERS



Enter to Learn.
Go Forth to Deep Fry.

Welcome once again to Matt's World o' Academics. The feature where a noted expert on education (me) hands out free information on how to get more out of your schooling. Both avid readers of this column will recall my fabulous wad of advice last year when I advised students to take large doses of caffeine to help expedite graduation.

By the looks of last August's graduation, many students took this advice and are now experiencing all the unique joys that come with the completion of an undergraduate degree—namely, being unemployed and *not* qualifying for Pell Grants. Sorry about that, kids.

Anyway, many of you students are worried because you see your graduated friends working at jobs they don't want and are not properly trained for. This is a trend that is growing at an alarming rate. Just take a gander at these real-life stories of job placement gone wrong:

A student we'll call Taffy (not her real name, it's actually my sister Tam) recently graduated from BYU with a bachelors in German, a useful degree that will enable Taffy to ask strangers for change in *two different languages*. After applying for a secretarial job at a private school in Sandy, Taffy wound up teaching kindergarten, even though her only teaching experience comes from instructing me in the fine art of Power Belching when I was six.

Another student, Lynlee, is preparing to graduate with a master's degree in Health Science. Unlike many students, Lynlee already has a job lined up for her when she leaves school. You guessed it, she will be working for a public relations firm in Los Angeles doing whatever it is PR people do for a living.

An amiable humor columnist with no real direction in life is, much to his surprise, handed a degree by BYU and told to leave Provo immediately. Within minutes, the writer is picked up at the Provo airport by a mysterious looking Lear Jet. Inside, several wealthy individuals inform the skinny young humorist that they will support him for the rest of his life as long as he promises to come to parties and be amusing for a few hours each month.

Ok, maybe I made up a few parts of the third example, but I think you can clearly see that what you do after college has little to do with what you study. The only guarantee you have is that you won't get a job in your field of study. How can you, a student who knows where he/she wants to go in life, combat this trend? The answer is simple, change your major. That's right, it's time to march down to the Academic Advisement center and change your major to Recreation Management. Unless, of course, you want a recreation management job. Rec. Management is a good bet because there is almost no chance you will learn anything that will help you get the job you want, unless you have some perverse desire to be the host of Romper Room. If you have too much pride to take classes with names like "Recreation, Leisure, Play. Hmmm," then be sure to pick a major that will at least make you unattractive to a potential employer. Example: people who want to go into international business should major in Family Science.

Don't worry about the extra time you will spend in school because you have changed your major, I have thought up *another* way we can increase enrollment at BYU without anybody having to graduate. I know this is an old subject, but hear me out, this plan is really, really good. BYU needs a new classification of student: the on-call student.

In almost all of my classes, I see five or six empty seats that could be filled by those hungry students who didn't make it into BYU. The empty seats rightfully belong to some student who is skipping class, but that's no reason to let them go to waste. Let's fill those seats with on-call students!

"Wasted Characters" cont. page 5

Continued. . .

Dead Can Dance

for me to be a *vibrational* aspect, both mental and spiritual. And when they fuse, there's a harmony within it, a feeling of righteousness and correctness, which can be viewed as being the truth. It feels good, it feels true, and therefore we call it truth."

This could easily be the band to fill a void in one's life. If one is already a follower, this album is a definite must for your collection, as it will enrich the soul with its sounds. As Perry explains, "Music is a form of language we choose and adopt purely because of its universal nature, the ability it has to fuse intellect with emotion." This is one language everyone should learn.

Continued. . .

Wasted Characters

The system would be simple. A student who has not been accepted to school could apply to be an on-call student. They would give BYU a list of classes they want to get into and times they are free, and BYU would give the students beepers. When there are empty seats in a class, students would immediately be notified of the vacancy and instructed to show up for class. At the end of the semester, the student would be awarded credits according to how many classes he/she attended. While it may take nine or ten years to graduate under the on-call plan, that's not much longer than it takes now. Cool, huh?

Well, there you have it. More real solutions to the real problems of our school. Perhaps I'll ask the administration if they want to steal any of my ideas. If any of you are interested, feel free to attend my Sociology class for me this Friday. I think I'm taking a three day weekend.

Campus Life proudly presents the winners of this year's custodial poetry contest. This contest allows these dedicated, hard working laborers, that are often forgotten and taken for granted, to have their voices heard through the language of poetry.

Tracks of Wax

White bristles tickle the hard floor
Buffing is my personal chore
I love to buff every night
I make the floor shine so bright
That after each hall I must rest
so I can place the buffer onto my chest
then turn it on and balance it there
sometimes it gets caught in my hair
I buff me
I am buff.

Stadium Cleanup

I stand on high and holy ground.
Before me spreads my dominion,
a vast stewardship where gladiators
extol their strength and angry mobs
incite them.
Win or lose the casualties are the same.

The vanquished lie naked and contorted
on the steps of this altar,
their paper wraps in tatters around them.
The red of a thousand dead Coke cups
runs to my feet.
Mangled hot-dogs writhe in pain, choking
in relish and mustard.
The sticky sweet stench of spilt soda
rises in the air.

I manipulate the dead into rows, unsightly
in the numbers.
Dumped into black body bags, they do not
offend the sensitive.
I baptize the alter anew
with water.
It is ready for the next sacrifice.

Enraptured

a streak on the mirror cuts
my visage with heartless
certainty—I stand in the
May Hall bathroom, my spray
falls heavy on the grime of
time so thick, young mens'
persona envelops the decay;
can my cloth wipe away their
blemish?

toilet's mouth gapes and I am
flush. food services manifest
to my senses, I retch. purge me,
oh porcelain god! shower my soul
with sweet Ti-D bowl! and still I
clean, unmoved by bowels distant,
yet so close. but no more! bottles
dropped, rubber gloves shed:
I dance now.

SFLC Nursery Bathrooms

Teeny tiny toilets,
Teeny tiny stalls.
Little peepies, little poopies
often miss the bowl.

(Behind two-way mirrors
graduate students stare,
voyeurs-for-credit
with their teeny tiny smiles.)

9th Floor Widtsoe Building (Experimental Animal Labs)

You sat among dead chickens
in the can marked
PLACE DEAD ANIMALS HERE,
The stench of death around you.

Your beady mouse-eyes plead
for mercy, your trembling
body diseased, shot full
of AIDS or caffeine.

You stood on two legs, nose twitching.

O! Abinadi, my mouse friend:
how I took the bag you were
in and turned my back
after heaving you into the
incinerator's flames,
the Moloch's mouth that
swallows petrie dishes and
dismembered cadavers.

Your little body cackled and
popped, your mouse-voice
heaped curses on my head
as I stepped into the elevator.

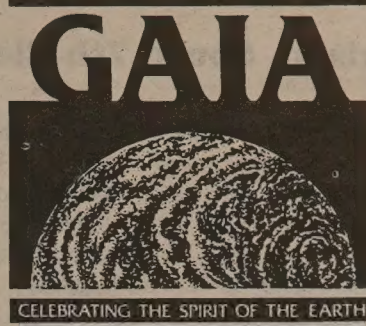
Fantasy

I wipe off the Cougareat tables
I pretend that I am Clark Gable
I wipe with a sham
"I don't give a damn"
And this weekend you'll see me on cable.

Stone Container

trash fills me
I am consumed by it
my plastic inner lining stretches
then there is more
I take off my gloves
they are not needed by me
I am the trash

Gaia: The greek goddess of the earth



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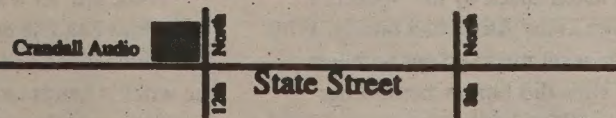
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STUDENT REVIEW

Arts & Letters

Astrology at Its Best: The Fairy Tale

by Emily Carlson, South 7th Elementary

Ed. Note: Inspired by the Sept. 29th issue, Emily went back to her archives and pulled out this true gem from 1987, complete with exotic names, royal connections, and sarcasm. (F.Y.I.: a hinny is something like a mule, and a fowling piece is a light shotgun. I had to look them up.)

"Saphira, come here this instant!" cried Aloha, my best friend. "Your father, the king, will be down for breakfast any second now."

"Okay! Okay!" I said, disgusted of having to get up so dang early. I mean 5:00 a.m. isn't the best time in the world to be awake when you're 14. I bet we're the only people in the year 1990 to get up at this awful time.

"Saphira, now!"

I guess I better go please Daddy dearest. Anyway, I've got to read my horoscope. I'm really into astrology. The only problem is I'm a Virgo. According to my life horoscope, I have about zero talents. I hope the book was wrong.

"Good morning, Dad," I said. "Do you have the horoscope section?"

"Honey, why do you read that stuff?" said King Sebastian as he passed the paper to me.

"I think it's rad, Dad."

Well, that seemed to satisfy him for the moment. I hate when he tries to be protective. He's almost as bad as my mother. The only difference is he doesn't tell me to dye my hair blond.

Here it is. Let's see... Virgo—you will hear something you don't believe today. Beware, if you don't believe it great harm could come to you.

What a wonderful horoscope! That's the most far-fetched one I've ever heard. I mean the only thing I don't believe in are fairy tales. I'm sure some witch is going to try and kidnap me.

"Saphira, can I talk to you in your room after you finish your breakfast?" Aloha asked.

"Sure."

I hate Aloha, even if she is my best friend. She's just gorgeous! Especially compared to me, ugly, zitty, fat, brown-haired and green-eyed. Aloha has blond hair, blue eyes, and the most attractive figure anyone's ever seen!

I guess I better go see what she wants. Aloha is almost never serious. When she is, it's like a life and death matter. I hope it is nothing that bad.

"Saphira, how would you like to go out with my 14-year-old brother?"

"Aloha!"

"Come on Saphira," pleaded Aloha. "He's real nice."

I was taken aback by this speech. I didn't even know Aloha had family. Why would she want me to go out with her brother? How did I know her brother wasn't a total toad-face?

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," said Aloha, taking a deep breath, "you're not going to believe this, but my brother, Tracy, was kidnapped by Zsa Zsa, the witch, and turned into a guitar."

"What does that have to do with me?" I wanted to know.

"You're the only one who can save him. He has to be saved by a princess. You would have to play a love song on him and

also sing the song."

After I heard this, I nearly had an aura. She wanted me to save a brother of hers I didn't even know! If it hadn't have been for the horoscope, I wouldn't have believed it.

"I refuse to do that, Aloha!" I cried in a burst of defiance. "You expect me to risk my life to save some incorrigible brother of yours?"

After my speech, Aloha burst into tears. I hate it when Aloha cries. She hardly ever does it, but when she does she cries enough to fill a lake. How could I refuse her?

After reassuring Aloha I'd do it, I went to put on a decent traveling outfit. I wonder if I should wear a dress? a suit? jeans? I think I'll wear an old pair of jeans and big shirt...

"How much farther?" I asked Aloha.

"Oh, only about a 1/4 of a mile."

I nearly fainted. When, at first, Aloha said it wouldn't be very far, I believed. Well, we've been traveling for about 7 miles straight. It took us 1/2 a day just to get this far. I'm beginning to believe we're never going to get there.

Whoosh! A black dog just about

“

Here it is. Let's see... Virgo: You will hear something you don't believe today. Beware, if you do not believe it great harm could come to you.

”

knocked us down. I guess that means we're close to Zsa Zsa's place. How thrilled am I.

"Look, that's Tracy!" cried Aloha, excitedly.

I looked. All I saw was a guitar that looked like a hinny by a fowling piece. If that is what I have to play I might scream.

"Hurry, Saphira! If Zsa Zsa gets back she'll turn us into guitars too!"

"Where is Zsa Zsa? How do you know she's gone?" I asked suspiciously.

"Just trust me."

I don't know why I trusted her. Fool instinct I guess. I got one of those feelings you get when something is very right...or very wrong. I swallowed hard and went about my task.

As I walked up to Tracy, I felt another aura coming on. Fortunately I turned around before anything drastic happened. As I turned I met Zsa Zsa face to face.

"What are you doing here?" she bellowed.

"Well, um, let's see. I'm lost?"

Before Zsa Zsa could do anything to me, Aloha came and grabbed her. She held the witch's hands and covered her eyes so Zsa Zsa couldn't cast spells.

I started playing "Change of Heart." My singing wasn't too wonderful but I think it will do. At least I hope so.

As I started the last chorus, I could see Aloha was beginning to lose her grip on Zsa Zsa. Aloha was just getting too tired.

I put down the guitar that looked like a hinny, and the fowling piece turned into Tracy. I thought the guitar was Tracy. Well, at least that's over.

Tracy rushed over to help Aloha. I

wonder how I can help.

Maybe I could do something to help them.

Then I remembered the Wizard of Oz. Dorothy killed the witch by pouring water on her. Maybe if I can find some water. Let's see, well's dry. How about mud. Well, it's worth a try!

As soon as I threw the mud on Zsa Zsa, she turned into green oatmeal. I'm not kidding. It was a very putrid green and it smelled like it was regurgitated twice.

"We've got to go home on the broomstick," said Tracy.

"What if someone sees us?" Aloha asked.

"Don't worry."

I didn't get a word in at all. It was as if I didn't exist. I was slightly mad. I am a princess. Not a piece of dirt which was how they were treating me:

Swoosh! We're up in the air. Hey wait a minute. I can't see anything or anybody. I can't even see the broom. Where am I? I can't see my hands, but I can feel them touching the broom!

"Tracy! Aloha!" I screamed.

"Saphira!" they cried in unison. "Where are you?"

"On the broom."

Bang! We've landed. Right in my room. I can see now. That's a relief. If I had to go on being blind, I might shoot myself with a fowling piece.

"Saphira, what's going on up there?" asked my father.

"Oh, nothing much."

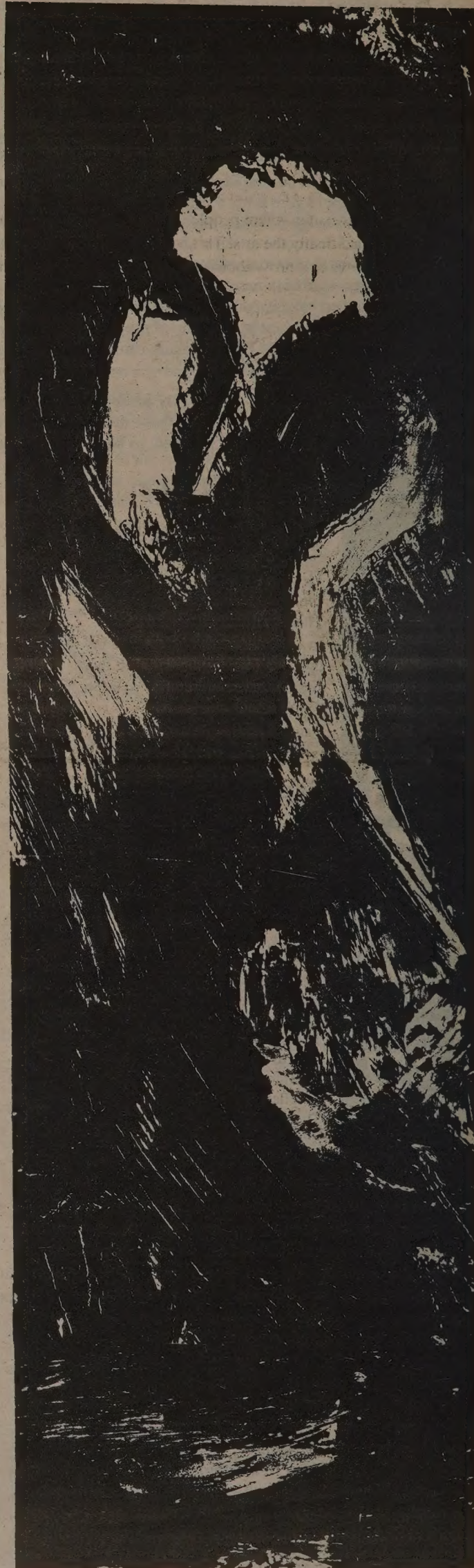
I'm so glad my adventure is over. I guess I learned from it. Never again will I believe in horoscopes. I think I might sue the paper.

The next morning I decided to read the front page.

"We are sorry to say we made an error on one of the horoscopes. Virgo was supposed to not believe in the strange or bizarre."

Now I'm totally mad. I went to all that trouble to please my horoscope and it was wrong. I better live happily ever after.

THE END



Were you a child prodigy? Submit your manuscripts from days gone by, and we'll see if we want to print 'em. You always wanted to be famous as a kid. (Drop them, as well as things you've done more recently, in the box at Mama's, or mail the stuff to the address on the inside cover. Thank you, and God bless.)

An Avant Garde of Love

by w.m. tibbits

We live in a culture where the three dominating metaphors are fear, expansion, and progress. Fear is what gives us our racism, sexism, and ethnocentrism. Expansion is what gives us our bully ethic—we need this land in California, so let's go to war with Mexico; we need to produce more, so let's sell cigarettes to children in Ethiopia. The pursuit of "progress" is what allows us to believe that drinking out of Styrofoam cups is better than drinking out of glass ones.

The sad thing is that these three metaphors dominate the majority of the sites where people claim to be resisting this culture, specifically the arts. This is intolerable. As long as we believe that art is about creating fears in the name of "realism" or "expanding the domain of consciousness" in the name of progress, we are unable to create art that acts as positive resistance to the system that creates our fears and limits our consciousness.

What is needed is a new avant garde, an art that doesn't care about fear and isn't worried about the limited consciousness of its audience. What is needed is an art that

dares to affirm the things that matter to it and promote the things it cares about. What is needed is an avant garde of love.

The old avant garde focused on rupturing the psyche of the bourgeois audience. To this end they created surreal and hyper-real images in the naive faith that they would force the viewer to confront the unconscious forces that created the images. What they did not anticipate was that the bourgeois world would simultaneously respond with disgust and adulation, or that the capitalist system would in turn capitalize on both responses, selling books that were opposed to the surrealists and Dali prints in the same bookstores.

Any time we buy into an expansion-based framework, the same thing will happen. The capitalist system is dependent on expansion. It cannot survive without it. It is always hungry. This continual hunger means that it is ready and willing to eat anything.

An avant garde of love would focus on celebrating the things it loved that were threatened by the system. The

goal of this new avant garde would be to remind the audience of the things they love that are threatened by the system.

It would also try to create points of connection between groups that have until now been seen as irreconcilable. Love is, after all, the one true universal in life. It exists in the ghetto as well as the suburbs; it's present in the experience of the gay couple just as strongly as in the heterosexual couple.

An avant garde of love would destroy the myths of competition and conflict. Life does not have to be a struggle. People can get along. My love does not need to be sacrificed so your love can live. Cooperation is not only possible, it is desirable. I can help you get what you want, you can help with what I want, and together we can help someone else get what she wants. Why should we want to hurt each other? As people become more in touch with their love and base their lives on their loves rather than their fears, things can only improve in this world where everyone is taught that selfishness is the only key to survival.

Magic Broccoli and Other Delights

by Ellen Carter

Tired of swimming in endless jello? Questing for a cookbook that offers healthy, tasty food in normal-sized portions, i.e. serves less than 2390? Then take a journey into Mollie Katzen's *The Enchanted Broccoli Forest*, and you and your stomach can experience a slice of rich Jewish New Year Honeycake and a nibble of a spicy Brazilian Stuffed Pepper all in the same trip. The cookbook's variety and ethnicity leave no tastebud (or eye or mind for that matter) unsatisfied.

For those of you who are already thinking back to the disastrous greenish-grayish mess you whipped up last time you cooked, this is the paragraph for you. Fear not. Mollie's book is chock-full of tips, hand-drawn illustrations and a light, breezy dialogue-style tone to set your mind at ease. Plus, most recipes include several options—say for when you aren't in the mood for bean sprouts, or would rather season with something you can pronounce. She even gives pep talks on things like how to really make a good bread and how to motivate your salads into the life-giving, exuberant creations they were meant to be.

And what about you Jacques Cousteaus of culinary adventure, who like to push the edges of the frontier of cooking as we know it? This could be the cookbook that is your ma to edible discovery. Recipes range from honest and simple whole wheat bread

to exotic Indian *pulan* and *bstillsa*, "a sweet and savory custard strudel." Beyond that, well, it's up to you. Mollie has an entire section devoted to tips on improvising. How do you think *she* came up with the book?

If, even after Mollie's pep talks, you still prefer to risk burning out your microwave with mass quantities of frozen burritos and pre-cooked chicken patties, at least pick up the book sometime and give it a once-through. Even a quick journey will be a "magical" one as you view Mollie's own illustrations and hand-lettering (ever wonder what a kohlrabi looks like? feast your eyes on page 80). Originally (or at least sometime in between her schooling at the Eastman School of Music and her opening of the Moosewood Restaurant in New York), Mollie was planning to be an artist. Her abilities are obvious in her quirky pages decorated with drawings of food, diagrams on food preparation, and just about anything else she seems to have wanted to throw in (see the turbaned, flute-playing figures near the recipe for Persian eggplant).

If you are all excited about this cookbook and must have it, check an independent bookstore near you (such as Atticus or Cafe Haven, etc.). If they don't carry it, BYU Bookstore or any major chain usually does. However, be warned

that much as I love Mollie, she comes from a land where exotic spices and other such ingredients are readily available (she has lived in New York and Berkeley). Let's face it, we are living in Provo. Chances are you'll have a hard time finding Jerusalem artichokes and black mung bean sprouts at Food-4-Less. Some of these recipes might require a little digging around in less-obvious health food stores (try the Good Earth), or at worst, a little creativity in your substitutions. Who knows? You may be the revolutionary that knocks gourmet cooking out of the realm of the privileged and into that of the poorest of college students.

In case you don't notice on your first perusal of *The Enchanted Broccoli Forest* that there are no meat-oriented recipes, then now is the time for the news to be broken to you. As Mollie herself writes in her "welcoming," "The vegetarian aspect of this cookbook is not intended to promote any style of living over any other. Rather, its purpose is merely to provide more options for enjoyable eating." For actual vegetarians, the book provides healthy and ethnic variety. For non-vegetarians, it does the same.

So next weekend when you have time to cook or someone exciting to cook for, put away *Relief Society's Greatest Hits*, or *How to Feed an Entire Congregation with One Package of Jell-o and Three Carrots*

and lay hold of *The Enchanted Broccoli Forest*. Whether it's graham crackers (see recipe below) or sesame egg-drop soup you're in the mood for, or just a little reading to balance out that physical science textbook, you won't be disappointed.

Homemade Graham Crackers

3 cups whole wheat flour
1/2 tsp salt
1/2 tsp baking powder
1/4 tsp cinnamon
6 Tbs butter
1/2 cup honey

Sift together flour, salt, baking powder, and cinnamon into a bowl. Melt together the butter and honey. Pour this into dry ingredients. Mix with a fork, then push the dough together with your hands. Roll to 1/8" thick. Cut into squares and bake at 375 degrees for 10 min.

Also check out Sundays at Moosewood Restaurant for even more delicious and artistically-presented recipes from Mollie Katzen. She'll tell you how to prepare a full feast from anywhere you can find on the map.

A&L Recommends...

Looking for something to fill up your spare time? Behold the following eclectic list of books, suitable for avoiding even the most grim of realities. They worked for us, anyway.

Long, Quiet Highway, Natalie Goldberg. Non-fiction about being a writer and "waking up in America." Very moving and much too engrossing.

The Listening Book, W.A. Mathieu. Ideas about life and listening and the ways you might go about "finding your own music," whatever your music might be.

The Captain's Verses, Pablo Neruda. A hard-to-find collection of love poems by the man Gabriel Garcia Marquez called the greatest poet writing in any language.

Believe Them, Mary Robison. A friend complains that as a man, he can't possibly understand these, but it's a definite cop-out. Women have a hard time as well, not because they're obscure, perhaps, but maybe because they're a little too clear.

American Indian Myths and Legends, ed. Richard Erdoes and Alfonso Ortiz. Learn a little something about

the people who've been here so much longer than you it might as well be forever ago, and most likely is.

The Triggering Town, Richard Hugo. Indispensable advice on writing poetry, including a "Nuts and Bolts" section that will clean up your work in minutes.

Time with Children, Elizabeth Tallent. Short stories about people with problems. If you think you've read her kind before, you're wrong. Another one that's not too easily found, but well worth it.

Issues & Opinions

The Personhood of the Unborn

by William Norman Grigg

Much of the frustration produced by the abortion debate is the product of an attitude traceable to John Stuart Mill. In *On Liberty* Mill asserted that "If all mankind minus one were of one opinion...mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind."

Mill's reasonable concern was that the marketplace of ideas would remain receptive to unpopular ideas. However, the sentiment expressed by Mill has grown into a tendency to believe that all opinions are of equal merit. In the abortion debate, this attitude has imposed a burden of proof upon the Right to Life movement that is impossible to dispatch.

I confronted this burden of proof as a guest on a radio talk show. A caller insisted that the humanity of the unborn child was a proposition that could be accepted as truth only "if we all agree." A corollary to this proposition is that the disagreement of one individual could prevent an acceptance of the humanity of the unborn.

Trying to satisfy this standard of evidence is as pointless as attempting to overtake the horizon. The humanity of the unborn child is an empirical question. However, the *personhood* of the unborn—the allocation of political rights, including legal protection—is a metaphysical one. This country has dealt with metaphysical questions of equality that are every bit as vexing as the question of the personhood of the unborn. It seems peculiar that one generation after the Civil Rights struggle, many champions of Civil Rights insist that we must remain neutral about the fetus's personhood.

In a conversation with a student on campus here at BYU, I asked why it was unreasonable to perceive the anti-abortion struggle as a continuation of the emancipation effort, that is, as an effort to construct an inclusive community in which human beings are treated as ends in and of themselves. He replied that "It just isn't the same thing." How is it not the same? "It just isn't."

This is the reaction of somebody who has thrown up a barricade of contrariness around his opinion, thereby shielding it from evidence. He readily conceded that no evidence I could provide would change his mind.

This student is not alone; his recalcitrance is quite typical of many regarding the abortion question. However,

it is not for that reason defensible. Reasonable people should be able to recognize that the accumulation of facts sometimes requires a revision of one's opinions. However, if one proceeds from the assumption that disagreement with a proposition is enough to disprove the truth of that proposition, one is not under the obligation to think reasonably.

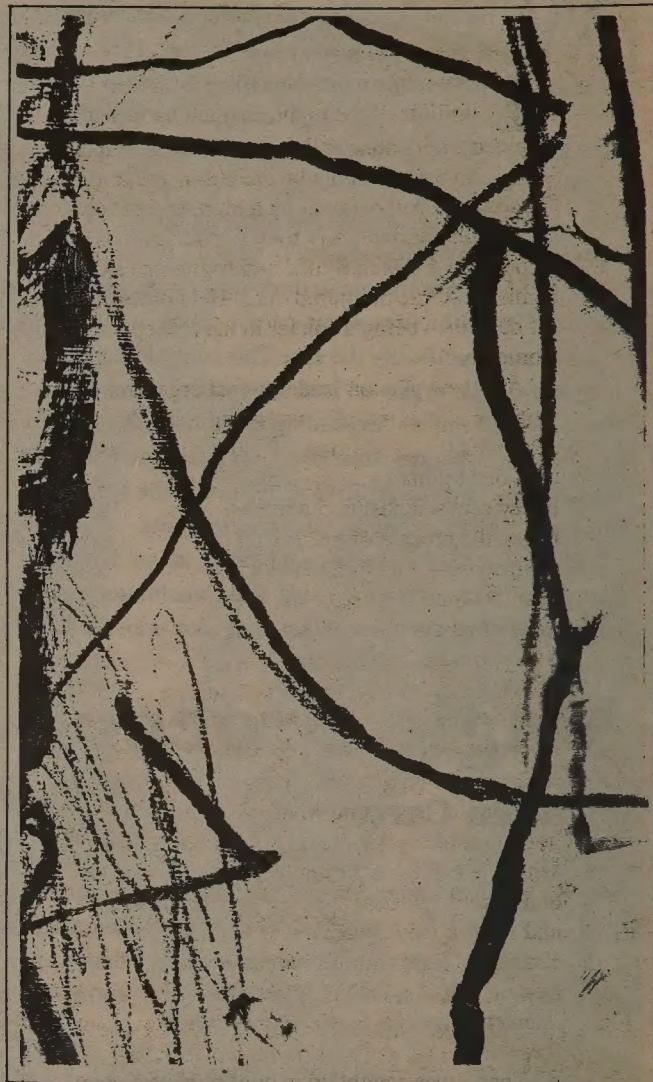
A recent issue of *Omni* magazine contains another example of such contrariness. The cover story, "Preschool," discusses some of the findings of Dr. Thomas Verny, a Toronto psychologist who has been conducting experiments to establish two-way communication between the womb and the outside world. Verny has discovered that by the fourth month of pregnancy the fetus has a well-developed sense of taste and touch and reacts to uncomfortable changes in its environment. By roughly the same time, the fetus can be observed sleeping and waking. Thumb sucking is observable before the end of the second month.

However, Verny's research has not altered his views about abortion: "The new information does not mean that we should take choice away from women," he insists. Why not? Well, just *because*. Just because he doesn't think so. Perhaps if he succeeds in establishing communication with the womb, Verny could consult the fetus for a second opinion.

Both Verny and the BYU student mentioned above will not let the satisfaction of empirical questions about the humanity of the fetus taint their judgment regarding the metaphysical question. Both of them regard the fetus as a type of humanity that is the property of another human. The BYU student was emphatic on this point: since the beginning of time, he declared, the woman has had complete control over the fetus.

However, medical ethics since Hippocrates have recognized limits upon the dominion of the woman over the life of a human fetus. The notion that the fetus has the legal standing of a lump of hamburger in the woman's stomach is an ethical heresy of relatively recent vintage.

Then again, there is nothing really new about the concept of human beings as the property of other human beings. When asked to explain how his concept of the fetus differs significantly from the idea of holding slaves as property, the student replied, "It just does."



The bigotry behind the refusal to recognize the humanity of the unborn is of a piece with the bigotry that legitimized slavery. Both the emancipation effort and the anti-abortion struggle have attempted to bring our society into harmony with the principles we profess. In the battle to end slavery we were able to recognize that not all opinions are created equal. The abortion debate will require that we once again make that determination.



Missing Persons

I attended a conference a little while ago, but the people I wanted to hear from (and hear about) weren't there. The conference? "Moral Perspectives on American Security Policy: Views from the Community of LDS Scholars." No, the "LDS Scholars" weren't missing—heavens, they showed up in droves, from Washington D.C. and elsewhere. Rather, the missing persons were the ones with "Moral Perspectives," which I had hoped I'd get a lot of in these speeches and discussions. Wrong.

Not to say there wasn't a lot of interesting things said at this symposium—on the contrary, some very intelligent men and women spoke. But I'm going off Webster's here: "moral" is "relating to right and wrong"; "perspective" is "the capacity to view things." So, the conference should have featured LDS views on doing right and wrong things in the realm of U.S. security policy. Instead we heard how hard security issues are, and how often we tragically face no-win situations, where morality just won't apply. Usually, we were told we need to sacrifice some goods (telling the truth, loving our enemies, etc.) in order to protect others. What these are and why they are worth the sacrifice was rarely specified: Dr. Robert King, an assistant to Representative Tom Lantos, said we need to "protect our families," but since America's relations today are almost entirely economic, he must mean "protect our families from the economic discomfort which follows bad trade policies," unless he feels we must prepare for an invasion from Canada.

My point is this: after a forty-year Cold War with an oppressive empire, a trillion-dollar arms race, and pointless wars everywhere from Vietnam to Chile to Ethiopia, can't we think again about what we, as a people, are doing? Shouldn't the Gospel (and we, its messengers) question *anything* governments do, and aren't those questions *meaningful*? Or do we just continue on with business as usual, assuming the worst, routinely employing confrontation and deception in our foreign policy, and, as Robert Walpole on the Non-Proliferation Center said in his presentation, "not act on the Millennium until the Lord ushers it in for us"?

I may be wrong, but I see those answers as mere excuses for moral theory, lacking any real thought...possibly because (and I am out on a limb here) some of the people at this conference suspect that serious introspection might reveal their work as decidedly un-Christian. Thus, the retreat to those

"hard choices." This was best exposed by Dr. Valerie Hudson (a thankful exception to most of the other speakers) when she asked one panel, point blank, whether the United States, the world's largest supplier of arms (45% of the global total), should stop selling guns. A moral question, requiring a *yes or no* and an explanation. Two men on the panel balked, and said (as if Dr. Hudson didn't know) that it was a "complicated" issue—though one of those did go so far as to wonder what America could possibly gain by *defending a principle*. (Wasn't that what the conference was all about?) Another said the question was unfair. Maybe—but why couldn't (or didn't) he justify himself? Only one panelist had the guts to take a stand.

That was BYU English professor Eugene England, a pacifist and a friend of Dr. Hudson who invited him hoping he'd stir things up. He did. For sure, Dr. England is no foreign policy analyst, and is a bit of a rhetorician. He demonstrated that at this conference, quoting facts he couldn't support and taking extreme positions, many of which I can't agree with. But at least they were moral perspective. And many of the other participants couldn't deal with that at all.

Walpole, for instance, insisted afterwards that England's approach to the Gospel and politics was an invalid, "if the world was different" argument. But didn't Christ tell us to be "not of the world"? Walpole also took exception to England's indictment of America's use of the Soviet bogeyman to excuse nuclear testing in the Nevada desert. "Our government didn't knowingly harm anyone," he said. I reminded him of the State Department report about the test site, which named the Shoshone Indians and the Mormons of southern Utah as "low-use segments of the population." "But," he protested, "we had to test there. There were geological requirements for those tests that Nevada satisfied." I told him that it might be considered wicked that our government took geological factors as seriously as human ones. He looked at me like I was an unbelievable fool.

Fine, I'm a fool—and so is Hugh Nibley, and President Spencer W. Kimball, and Amnesty International. Each of these have claimed a need for the world to change, for us to act differently. This week Amnesty International, the world's largest human rights organization, is celebrating an Indigenous Day of Action, remembering those millions of people—like the Shoshone—whose lands have been poisoned and devastated by the

"Interpretations" cont. page 9

Interpretations

Issues & Opinions

People and Organizations: Preventing Abuse

by Bonner Ritchie

Twenty years ago I was serving in Germany as a young second lieutenant in the Army. In the middle of the night, as often happened, I received a telephone call to go pick up a couple of soldiers in my platoon who were drunk and in trouble. One of them had been hit by a train, and the other was not terribly rational. As I took them back to the dispensary, I was intrigued and frightened by the comment of the uninjured one, "He's probably better off dead than being a soldier in the Fiftieth Ordinance Company."

As a new platoon leader in that organization, I wondered what my role was going to be. How could I cope with that environment? How could I change that attitude? I think I can trace my beginning as a behavioral scientist to the reflections of that night. I began the process of making a long-term professional commitment—it has been reinforced over the twenty years by many other events, some humorous and some more poignant—that I was going to dedicate my life to *help people protect themselves from organizational abuse*. I didn't know how I was going to do it, what academic or professional route to follow. Besides, I had another three years' commitment to the Army, which was plenty of time to formulate career goals.

I didn't know quite what I was going to do when I got out of the Army, but I ended up back in graduate school at Berkeley during the 1960's, trying to understand what universities were doing to students and what students were doing to universities. As chairman of a doctoral student organization at Berkeley during the Free Speech Movement, I had an interesting perspective on what people sometimes force organizations to do to them.

Then I was caught up in civil rights activism. Driving between West Point and Tupulo, Mississippi, one day with a group of black people who were trying to organize a catfish farm, we were trailed by a pickup truck with no license plate. The person sitting in the right hand seat had a shotgun that he began firing. I was reminded that organizations like the KKK sometimes provide an excuse for people to behave in ways that they might not behave in full public view. With those shots ringing out, I started to think about how you help a group of black farmers who are trying to make a living but are receiving only a third the return of white farmers producing the same product.

I would like to suggest one more explanation for my perspectives—the family I grew up in. I distinctly recall the night when I was a young teenager that my mother either kept me up or stayed up with me—I'm not sure which—most of the night, debating whether or not God's omniscience, foreknowledge, and perfect information took away individual freedom.

As my mother went through a series of arguments, I think she felt that she was teaching me a very final truth. What she was in fact doing was teaching me a process in which having a different opinion is not a reason to reject but a reason to discuss. A process that demands rigor, that demands inquiry, that makes one uncomfortable with anything but carefully developed, even if sometimes defiant and rebellious, positions on any series of issues.

My father, on the other hand, was a very peaceful, easy-going, pleasant individual. I recall his behavior as a priesthood quorum advisor, where he put incredible effort into loving and helping people. He did not flaunt

or neglect organizational procedures but rather placed in a secondary position sanctions, policies, and tenets of a theological system in favor of loving a group of boys, of which I was one. I have observed my dad as a bishop, a stake president, and a member of a temple presidency. But the most important lesson I learned from him was when I saw him make people more important than organizations as my deacons' quorum advisor.

From that background I arrived at a crusade of great importance to me. While I do not feel that we can make organizations safe for people, I think we can help people protect themselves from organizational abuse. By doing so, we can free people to develop their creative potential using the organization as a resource, rather than as a limiting force. I would hope that we can make our organizations (especially the Church) more effective tools for noble purposes.

This is especially important in a contemporary world where we so often see a dichotomy between a self-indulgent narcissistic approach to organizations, on the one hand, and the noble dream of the idealist on the other. The individual and the organization are not inevitably pitted against each other, but there is always the high probability of a negative effect which must be guarded against.

It should be clear at this point that I feel there is no such thing as a perfect organization. The Church is the means for the development of people. One of the most indicting comments I have heard about the Church is that the two best organizations on the earth are the Prussian Army and the Mormon Church. As a kid I used to cringe at that, but I didn't know why. Now I know why.

Organizations can be strong and not good. Efficiency is a limited and often bankrupt criterion. The Church was not made to be efficient; it was made to be a service vehicle. The two ways are not always compatible.

Organizations are, therefore, only means—never ends. They must always be understood and adjusted in the context of the people involved. Organizations are only mechanisms to enable people to facilitate growth, love, and service, to test, make mistakes, and rise above.

What is a perfect organization? A system that allows the opportunity for people to be free? That's not a perfect organization. That's people committed to the dignity of the individual, people creating organizational devices to facilitate the objective. Structures cannot be perfect. Ultimately, people can, I hope. But in the meantime, the organization is a vehicle driven by imperfect people making mistakes.

I hope that we can find in organizations a positive force to teach, to experiment, to love, to serve, to grow, to develop, to enjoy, to laugh, to cry. May we prevent abuse of organizations. May we permit ourselves, and others with whom we work over, under, and alongside, to make institutions servants of the individual, to make sanctions testing grounds to rise above, rather than be imprisoned by. In this difficult and exciting world, institutions can be instruments of good. But we must make this so.

(This article was originally published in *Student Review* on April 12, 1989. Dr. Ritchie, an internationally recognized expert in the field of organizational behavior, has recently been seen fraternizing with the P.L.O.)

Continued. . .

Interpretations

unthinking policy makers of the world. Spencer Kimball worked on behalf of the Navajo, Hopi, and Shoshone, as has Dr. Nibley who condemned this nation's patronization of Native Americans, showing how their religious perspective "makes the Indian a total alien in our culture" (Clark Memorandum, spring 1993, 5). That is true: people who take seriously religion and the land, who think about right and wrong, and who live out their decisions for good or ill, are rarely taken seriously by our political systems, much less by our security policy. Such people, too, are missing persons. And while I suppose there will always be analysts who will take up moral positions regarding such peoples and ideas, I suspect their numbers will remain few. What bothers me is that on the basis of this conference, few LDS scholars—who are commanded, as we all are, to "ponder and pray always"—seem willing to change that.

Russell Arben Fox



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STUDENT REVIEW



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Religion

Contention vs. Discussion: The Difference Please...

by Joel Wright

We have all enjoyed a good discussion, and suffered through a contentious one. In 3 Nephi 11:29 Christ tells us that "he that hath the spirit of contention is not of me, but is of the devil" And yet, in Matthew 10:34-35, Christ states, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father." Now Christ is literally the "truth" (John 14:6), he can not contradict himself. Contention is of the Devil, but open discussion plays a vital role in the perfecting of the saints and the proclaiming of the gospel. What is the difference? How can we tell? The scriptures, modern prophets, and personal experience can provide answers.

What is contention? Contention is "a struggling together in opposition; strife; or conflict" (1). Contention requires a winner and a loser. There is no seeking to understand one another, only a desire to prevail. Intolerance dominates and there is only one "truth," akin to an official party line. This truth cannot be questioned, doubted, or added upon. Elder Bruce R. McConkie stated, "Those who have the Spirit do not hang doggedly to a point of doctrine or philosophy for no other reason than to come off victorious in a disagreement" (2).

What is discussion? Discussion is "consideration or examination by argument, comment" or "informal debate" (1). Discussion does not seek gain, rather it seeks to understand and "be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for [us] to understand" (D&C 88:78). Christ did most of his formal teaching through discussion. He taught, and all were welcome to question him. Elder McConkie further stated that we should supplant argument with discussion and "seek truth by investigation, research, and inspiration" (2). Nonetheless, what we "feel" usually determines the ultimate difference between contention and discussion.

When should we contend? In D&C 136:23 the Lord commands the Saints to "Cease to contend one with another." We must be "one" within the Church or we are not of the Lord (D&C 38:27). However, we must always be ready to stand up for the truth. The truth is not and never will be contentious. As Nephi tells us, "the words of truth are hard against all uncleanness; but the righteous fear them not, for they love the truth and are not shaken" (2 Ne. 9:40). The contention within the Church usually comes when we mingle the philosophies of men with the revealed will of our Father in Heaven. There has been very little controversy over the questions that make up a baptismal or temple recommend interview. These standards are decided upon by the Lord. However, when we mingle things like family size, voting preferences, support for a Jewish State, "God's" football team, hair length, union membership, tax rates, clothes style, beards, or other such things with the gospel is when the seeds of contention are sown. To my knowledge, the Lord has given us no divine revelation on any of the above topics, nor a plethora of others. On such matters, the Lord has left the decisions to the individual.

We have all seen a brother or sister within the Church try to imply that their outlook on life is also shared by God, hence making us sinners if we disagree with them on politics, minimum wage rate, greatest home run ever hit, etc. Concerning these types Elder Oaks has said, "Leaders must do all they can to avoid expressed or implied Church endorsement for teachings that are not orthodox or for teachers who will use their Church position or prominence to promote something other than gospel truth" (3).

When should we discuss? Always. We are to read, ponder, discuss, pray about, search, and feast upon the word of God. I don't know what else we do in our Sunday meetings but "discuss" the word of God. Now, on some

points of the gospel there is admittedly little to discuss. For example, "Thou shalt not commit adultery" basically says it all. Over the last five years I have heard repeatedly that President Benson has told all single men to get married and all women that they should stay in the home. I usually heard this from the media or more conservative members. I finally took it upon myself to go into the library and read President Benson's talks. I read them all thoroughly, and what I found was the Lord's mouthpiece expressing heartfelt concern over the number of single men putting off marriage indefinitely and the number of young couples who are putting money before their families. I found nothing telling all RM's to immediately get married, or all women to quit their jobs. When we receive counsel from the Lord's anointed, we must receive it in a spirit of humility and then seek to apply it in our lives. The contentious have no time for such things. They usually feel they know exactly what the prophet said and they know exactly how others are out of line.

Some have said, "When the prophet speaks, the discussion ends," though I have yet to discover where a "prophet" said this. J. Frederic Voros, Jr. has said, "For those with a hunger for the word of God, a new, or newly discovered revelation doesn't end the discussion, it starts it. Like youthful kisses, revelations stimulate more than they satisfy" (4). Furthermore, "Revelation is not an orderly, linear process. It can be a sunburst of insight, a glimmer of comprehension, the rethinking with understanding of long-past events, the testing of a beloved principle in an unforeseen crucible. But most important of all, it's our experience. Even if it begins with instructions from elsewhere, it must become our experience before it becomes our revelation" (5). Our agency requires that we alone can fully apply the Lord's will within our own lives.

An interesting passage of scripture is found in Galatians 2:11-21. Here the President of the Church, Peter, had already received the revelation that the gospel was to be given to all people, with no regard for race. In Antioch, Peter was eating with the Gentiles and generally showing no regard for race. However, when some Jews from the old school of thought appeared, Peter "withdrew and separated himself," (Gal. 2:12) from the Gentiles. Paul was disgusted by this hypocrisy Peter was showing. Paul "withstood [Peter] to the face" (Gal. 2:11) and "said unto Peter before them all, If you, being a Jew, livest after the manner of Gentiles, and not as do the Jews, why compellest thou the Gentiles to live as do the Jews?" (Gal. 2:14). Paul was not afraid to speak out when he saw "that they walked not uprightly according to the truth of the gospel" (Gal. 2:14). We do not have Peter's account of this event, but it appears he accepted Paul's rebuke and repented. Peter was not infallible, nor was he too proud to listen to a younger Apostle. We must have courage, even as Paul, to stand up for integrity and gospel truth, regardless of the situation. And, we must also seek for the wisdom Peter showed in considering the viewpoint of someone who did not agree with him.

How should we contend? We should never contend, or seek to win, but there come times when the peace, or complacency, does indeed need to be shattered by a sword. Paul told the saints in Thessalonica that in times past he had to "speak unto [them] the gospel of God with much contention" and reminded them that he had done it "not as pleasing men, but God" (1 Thess. 2:2,4). There is a battle to be won. Nonetheless, we should not fight it with out a confirmation that the Lord is indeed on our side.

How should we discuss? An environment must be fostered where there is respect for all parties and no

intimidation. In the Bible, we read where Peter rebuked Christ for saying he would "be killed, and be raised on the third day" (Matthew 16:20). Peter evidently felt that Christ shouldn't have to suffer such an indignity. Christ called Peter "an offence unto me" and went on to teach Peter that "whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it" (Matt. 16:25). Peter did not storm off when he disagreed with Christ, nor did Christ tell Peter to just grow up. Instead, Christ forcefully taught Peter a lesson that enabled Him to build upon Peter the church against which even the gates of hell could not prevail. This was a very fruitful discussion.

I have a personal friend who has struggled deeply over polygamy. In the past she had been told (and, to some extent, believed) that she would not be accepted into the Celestial Kingdom if she didn't enter into some type of polygamous relationship in the next life. This struggle culminated when she realized she doubted the integrity of her testimony. However, after talking to a few close friends about her concerns, she decided it was time to come to a decision. After some sincere prayer and fasting, she just felt the issue was no longer important. She returned with new-found conviction and was happily married in the temple this past summer. This was the road less-traveled my friend had to take. I imagine that if polygamy had been fully discussed in her younger days, she may have been saved much grief. At any point in our eternal progression, our progress is stunted when open discussion is stifled. If discussion is not encouraged, even fostered, we'll all be plagued by concerns and try in vain to construct our lives upon a foundation we don't fully understand or connect with.

Why we must discuss, reason, learn, understand, debate, grow, and seek? Simply put, to follow the Savior's example, we must discuss the gospel and reason out the joy it will bring to us. Even the Son of God "received not of the fulness at first, but continued from grace to grace, until he received a fulness" (D&C 93:13). Ever since Satan lost the War in Heaven, there has been an all out "war" for our salvation. Satan "sought to destroy the agency of man, which I, the Lord God, had given him" (Moses 4:3). We live in a glorious time. The Lord prefaced the Doctrine and Covenants in 1831 with the promise that, "The weak things of the world shall come forth and break down the mighty and strong ones, that man should not counsel his fellow man, neither trust in the arm of flesh-but that every man might speak in the name of God the Lord, even the Savior of the world" (D&C 1:19-20). We all have much to say, let all voices

be heard and considered, and taken for what they are worth. We must indeed use our spiritual gifts to "contend" for the agency of mankind and his proper use of it.

I close with Elder Russel M. Nelson's counsel to "Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves" (Philip. 2:3). Such high mutual regard would then let us respectfully disagree without being disagreeable" (6). When the Lord comes, "he shall reveal all things" (D&C 101:32). Until then, we all have much to say, even more to learn, and still more to disagree about. My humble prayer for humanity is that we may all freely talk, share, ponder, learn of and discuss the word of God; especially within Christ's Church.

Notes

1. *Random House Webster's College Dictionary*, 1992 edition.
2. Bruce R. McConkie, *Mormon Doctrine*, second edition, p. 161.
3. Dallin H. Oaks, "Alternative Voices," *Ensign* (May 1989), p. 28.
4. J. Frederic Voros, Jr., "Freedom Of Speech In The Household Of Faith" *Sunstone*, Volume 15:4, p.18.
5. L.F.A., "Pillars of My Faith," *Sunstone*, 14:5, p. 26.
6. Russel M. Nelson, "The Canker of Contention," *Ensign* (May 1989), p. 71.



Wishful Thinking: Legendary Celebrity Endorsements of Mormonism

by Dave Cannell

Try this familiar scenario on for size: a crowd of guys gravitate together (usually a gaggle of missionaries following a zone conference or RMs after FHE) and begin to yak away. A funny mission story comes up followed by jovial haws here and solemn oohs and aahs there. Soon minds shift into backwards-search mode for a story to top that one (the ol' hierarchical information one-upmanship theory posited by Deborah Tannen). Eventually, after much gabbing, someone triumphs: "Hey guys, I heard Alice Cooper's dad was a Stake President!" You can still get a few "No way's!" and "Get outta here's!" with that one. Next thing you know, every other cultural/pop icon has heard the discussions, been baptized, translated, or fallen away.

Just how extensive is this harmless, yet revealing, phenomenon? Let me just name a few (and no, I'm not making these up). Def Leppard took the missionary discussions but graciously declined. "The Price is Right's" Bob Barker is a jack-Mormon. Ronald Reagan—I heard this while he was still in office—was supposedly waiting until he exited the limelight to make the "dash for the splash." (Something strange tells me that I'll probably have to wait for visions of proxy salvation or millennial revelation to hear, in the land of Deseret, rumors of our current President's conversion.) Lionel Richie, as an eternal investigator, is still hearing the discussions, and for some reason this one always had an air of authenticity about it, even back in '83 when I first heard it from my star-struck church friends. (This last one was confirmed by a recent report from a California mission RM—missions are usually the hotbed of pop icon salvation myths.) Nikko McBrain of Iron Maiden is taking the discussions, but the one that really took me for a loop—Axl Rose?! Come on now, I'm a Mantic, but...

See, the thing is, some of these "faith-promoting" stories may be true! And even if they're not, little harm is done (even ineffectual belief shines fairly bright in an age of institutionalized pessimism and doubt). What phenomena like this may reflect, and constructively so, is a little something about ourselves.

Academia hardly comes off any less giddy than the younger pups in mutual and the mission field. Re-interpreted and proxy-adopted "closet Mormons" abound, "from Shakespeare to Swift, Thoreau to Twain, Kierkegaard to C.S. Lewis" (see John Tanner's article in *BYU Studies* Vol. 24, *Making a Mormon of Milton*). Even the older generations have their favorite "gentile investigators" to help facilitate "at-one-ment" between their Zions and Babylons. One candid professor reveals that the big thing in his day was that the Smithsonian was using the Book of Mormon to spearhead archaeological expeditions into Central and South America. Again, it may have been true.

So, do these things promote true faith? Probably not. Which "-ism" accounts for all this? Who knows? Asked how this may reflect on us as a culture in some respects, a professor of psychology responded that, at worst, it may indicate a little emptiness in our spiritual lives, a craving for the real thing. So, is this a mandate for the repression of all pop icon conversion stories? Nah. Heck, some are hilarious, and, in most instances, provide a healthy, amusing dose of self-therapy for a sometimes all-too-strung-out community.

"All in all, nothing human is worth taking seriously; nevertheless..."
-Plato



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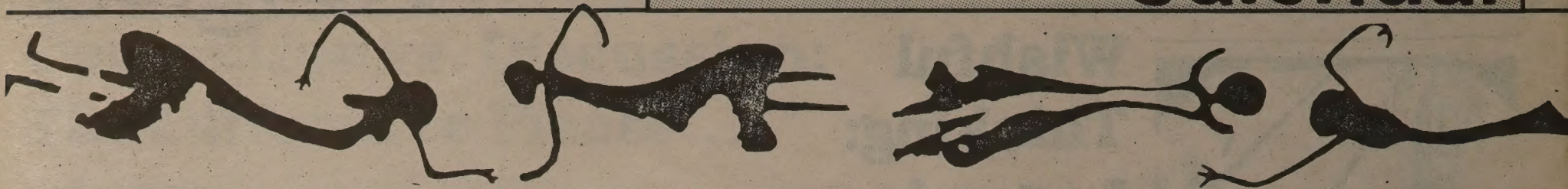
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Calendar



If you would like something in the calendar please call Jennifer at 375-0585. The deadline for submitting calendar items is the Friday before the Wednesday you would like it to appear.

THEATRE & FILM

International Cinema, Oct 12-16: 35 Up (Eng), 400 Blows (Fr), Jules and Jim (Fr); Oct 19-23: Holocaust Trilogy (Ger/Fr/Eng), Rocco and His Brothers (Ital); 250 SWKT, call 378-5751 for showtimes.

Varsity Theatres, Oct 13-14: Dennis the Menace; Oct 15-21: Sommersby; Oct 15 at 11:30 pm: Butch Cassidy & the Sundance Kid, call 378-3311 for showtimes.

Rags, Oct 20-22, 7:30 pm, Pardoe Theatre, tickets 378-7447.

The Slippery End, till Oct 23, 7:30 pm THFS, The Keep Theatre, 100 N 105 E, Provo, original script by Eric Robertson, call 373-1270 for more info.

The Woolgatherer, till Oct 23, 7:30 pm THFS, D.B. Cooper's Backroom, 532-2948.

Beast Must Eat, Oct 29-30 (overnight), Halloween Murder Mystery Dinner Theatre, Snowbird, 521-6040 ext 4080 for info.

Wait Until Dark, till Nov 13, Egyptian Theatre, Park City, 649-9371.

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, till Nov 13, Saturdays at noon, Pages Lane Theatre, 292 E Pages Lane, Centerville, 298-1302.

The Hasty Heart, till Nov 20, 8 pm MTHFS, Hale Center Theater, Orem, \$4, \$5, & \$6, call 226-8600.

1993-4 Pardoe Theatre Series, call 378-7447 for info and tickets, shows are 20-30' Oct: Rags; 11-27 Nov: Alice in Wonderland; 10-26 Feb: Merry Wives of Windsor; 24 Mar-Apr 1: Of Mice & Men; 26 May-June 4: Scapin; 21 July-Aug 6: Philadelphia, Here I Come.

THEATRE GUIDE

Babcock Theatre, 300 S University, SLC, 581-6961.

Keep Theater, 105 E 100 N, Provo, 373-1270.

City Rep, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000.

Egyptian Theatre, Main Street, Park City, 649-9371.

Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S Main, SLC, 484-9257.

Hale Center Theatre Orem, 225 W 400 N, Orem, 226-8600.

Pioneer Theatre Company, 1340 E 300 S, SLC, 581-6961.

Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S State St, SLC, 364-5696.

Provo Town Square Theatre, 100 N 100 W, Provo, 375-7300.

Salt Lake Acting Company, 500 N 168 W, SLC, 363-0525.

CINEMA GUIDE

Villa Theatre, 254 S Main, Springville, 489-3088.

Academy Theatre, 56 N University Ave, 373-4470.

Avalon Theatre, 3605 S State, Murray, 226-0258.

Carillon Square Theatres, 224-5112.

Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.

International Cinema, BYU, 378-5751.

Scera Theatre, 745 S State, Orem, 235-2560.

Tower Theatre, 875 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234.

Varsity Theatres, BYU campus, 378-3311.

CONCERTS & LIVE MUSIC

Bad Religion, Seaweed, Rancid, Oct 13, Utah State Fairpark, doors open at 6:30, \$10, tickets at Sonic Garden, 37-SONIC.

David Randell, Oct 13, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall (HFAC), faculty clarinet, FREE.

Utah Symphony, Oct 13, 8 pm, Val A. Browning Center, Ogden, grand concertos, \$12 or students half-price half-hour before show, call 399-9214 for more info.

Liza Minnelli, Oct 13-14, Abravanel Hall, tickets at ArtTix.

Salt Lake Symphony, Oct 13-14, 7:30 pm, Temple Square, Assembly Hall, performing Holst's "The Planets" and Elgan's "Introduction & Allegro for String Quartet & String Orchestra," FREE.

Nectar, Oct 14, Mama's Cafe, alternative folk band, 373-1525.

A Cappella Jam, Oct 14, 8:30 pm, 2254 Harmon Bldg (BYU), \$3 at door, featuring Vocal Point, Augmented 5th, JJYV, and Harmonium.

Lloyd Wilbert, Oct 15, Mama's Cafe, acoustic guitar, 373-1525.

Zapped Taps, Oct 15, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall (HFAC), starring Alfred Desio, call 378-4322 for tickets.

Shawn Prince & Nathan Wright, Oct 15, 7:30 pm, UVSC Theatre, LDS contemporary piano and song, advance tickets \$5 or \$6 at door, 374-1492.

West Valley Symphony, Oct 16, 8 pm, Granger High Auditorium, 969-4480.

Douglas Bush, Oct 16, 7:30 pm, Provo Central Stake Center, organ recital, FREE.

Benefit Dinner & Utah Symphony Concert, Oct 16, 6 pm, Marriott Hotel for "black-tie invited" dinner; 8:30 pm, Abravanel Hall, music & fashion (ZCMI) from the past 125 years; tickets for gala dinner/concert are \$100, but tickets to concert only are \$11 to \$23 or \$5 for students, call Utah Symphony Box Office, 533-NOTE.

Creation, Oct 16, Mama's Cafe, contemporary gospel, 373-1525.

Eight Miles High, Oct 19, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.

Harpsichord Inaugural, Oct 19, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall (HFAC), Douglas Bush performing, FREE.

King Size, Oct 20, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.

Cindy Child, Oct 20, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall (HFAC), clarinet, FREE.

Cypress Hill, House of Pain, Oct 22, Utah State Fairpark, tickets at Sonic Garden, 37-SONIC.

Dayna Kurtz, Oct 23, 8 pm, Cafe Haven, \$3, acoustic guitarist from Massachusetts, 221-9910.

Widespread Panic with My Sister Jane, Oct 27, 7:30 pm, Saltair, call Smith's Tix, 800-888-TIXX.

Tears For Fears with Jellyfish, Oct 28, 7:30 pm, Saltair, call Smith's Tix, 800-888-TIXX.

Howard Jones, Oct 30, 7:30 pm, Saltair, call Smith's Tix, 800-888-TIXX.

Depeche Mode with The The, Nov 4, Delta Center, call Smith's Tix, 800-888-TIXX or the Delta Center.

Peter, Paul, & Mary, Nov 18, Abravanel Hall, tickets at ArtTix.

CLUB GUIDE

(shows change nightly)

Bar & Grill, rock & alternative, 60 E 800 S (SLC), 533-0340.

Bourbon Street Bar & Grill, comedy, R & B, 241 S 500 E (SLC), 359-5905.

Cinema Bar at Spanky's, rock & alternative, 45 W Broadway, 359-1200.

D.B. Cooper's, jazz & acoustic, 19 E 200 S, 532-2948.

Dead Goat Saloon, rock & alternative, 165 S West Temple, 328-GOAT.

DV8, modern music & live bands, 115 S West Temple, 539-8400.

Gepetto's (Univ), jazz & acoustic, 230 S 1300 E, 583-1013.

Green Parrot, rock & alternative, 155 W 200 S, 363-3201.

Green Street, rock & Sat. jazz, 610 Trolley Square, 532-4200.

Johnny B's Comedy Club, 300 S 117 W, Provo, 377-6910.

Mama's Cafe, local everything, 840 N 700 E, Provo, 373-1525.

Pier 54, jazz, blues, & other, 117 N University Ave, Provo, 377-5454.

Tropicana Club, live Latin American music, 1130 E 2100 S (SLC), 486-9559.

Zephyr Club, rock & alternative, 301 S West Temple, 355-CLUB.

EVENTS, ETC.

International Forum, Oct 13, 2 pm, Kennedy Center Conf. Rm., "The Unpredictable Russian Present" with Yuri & Tanya Tretyakov.

Personal Relationships Workshop, Oct 13, 4:30 pm, Wymount Married Students Stake Center (1600 N 900 E), call Women's Services & Resources at 378-4877 for info.

Racial/Ethnic Families in the U.S., Oct 13-14, 9-5 pm, Harmon Bldg, over 30 lectures presented by BYU Center for Studies of the Family, call 378-2105 for info.

EcoResponse, Oct 13 & 20, 7 pm, 122 HRCB (Law Bldg), meeting topics will be respectively, as follows: K.C. Shaw, environmental engineer from Geneva Steel; "Uinta Natl. Forest: Political & Pragmatic Results of Environmental Change" by Dave Stripland.

Poetry Reading, Oct 13, Mama's Cafe, Provo, 373-1525.

Chinese Astronomy, Oct 15, 7:30 & 8:30 pm, Summerhays Planetarium (492 ESC), \$1 lecture, telescope open weather permitting.

Ski & Sport Swap, Oct 15-17, Snowbird Event Center, \$2, for info call 521-6040 ext 4080.

Sonic Garden Tailgate Party, Oct 16, 2-5 pm, at Sonic Garden CD Exchange (748 E 820 N, Provo), with X-96 Milk Beast, call 37-SONIC for details.

BYU vs. Notre Dame, Oct 16, 6 pm, Cougar Stadium.

KBYU Rebroadcast of Devotional, Oct 17, 6 am (but no 2nd showing, Sat. Afternoon Gen. Conf. at 10 am & 9 pm), channel 11 & FM 89.1.

Founder's Day Opening Ceremonies, Oct 19, 11 am, WILK Ballroom, Rex Lee & James Gordon

speaking, Synthesis & Catherine Hyde performing, alumni luncheon at 12:30 pm.

Benefit for All Women's Eve, Oct 22, 7:30 pm, Cafe Haven, music/poetry, \$2, call Stan, 221-9910.

Firewalk: Power in Motion, Oct 23, 6-9 pm, call to register, 375-3636.

BYU Comprehensive Clinic Support Groups, till Nov 24, Wednesdays, 7 pm, premarital counseling, effective communication, & step-families, call 378-7759 for more info/registration.

Haunted Tent, through Oct, 7-10 pm M-TH & 7-11 pm FS, South Towne Center, \$5 (American Heart Assoc.), 322-5601.

Snowbird's Oktoberfest, every weekend until Oct 24, 12-6 pm, Snowbird Event Center, FREE, call 521-6040 ext 4080 for more info.

America's Living Folk Traditions, folk art on exhibit, U of U Art Museum, call 750-1412 for times.

International Etruscan Art Exhibit, Oct 18-Apr 30, BYU Art Museum, tickets (\$5 for students) go on sale Sept 13 for specific days/times, call 378-BYU1.

ONGOING

The Garrens (Comedy Troupe), Fridays at 7:30 & 9:15 pm, 2084 JKHB (BYU), for reservations call (no sooner than Thurs.) 377-1556.

League of Utah Writers, 2nd Tuesdays, SLC Main Library, 6:45 pm, 467-2935.

Readings of local women writers, Mondays, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, call 583-6431, FREE.

Hansen Planetarium, 15 S State, SLC, shows include Laser U2, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Floyd, & others, for info call 538-2098.

Family History Center Classes, every 2nd & 4th Sunday, HBLL Library, BYU, 378-6200.

Intermountain Country Dance Association, lessons, dances, workshops, & conventions, call Paul at 966-4207 or RoLayne at 968-6981.

KHQN Radio and Krishna Temple Open House, Sundays, 6 pm, includes mantra meditation, films, & vegetarian feast, call 798-3559 for directions to the temple in Spanish Fork.

Women's Self Defense Classes, call Bihonte Association of Martial Arts, 263-4007.

Pocket Plaza Concerts, Saturdays on Main Street, Park City, 649-6100.

Jazz Vespers, Sundays, First Unitarian Church, 600 S 1300 E, 486-5729.

Mormon Tabernacle Choir rehearsals, Thursdays, 8:00-9:30 pm.

Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word", Sundays, 9:30-10 am, Temple Square, be seated by 9:15 am.

Pueblo Nuestro South American Folklore Group, open rehearsals from Ogden to Price, call Dave Sonntag, 773-7104.

Group Percussion Classes, instructor Mark Chaney, classes at Round Door Gallery, 105 N 400 W Ste., 6, call 264-8898 or 484-0234.

Utility Assistance Program, American Red Cross needs volunteers to provide one-time assistance in paying utility bills for qualified

individuals; volunteers will answer phone inquiries and do case work; contact Virginia Lopez at the Red Cross, 467-7339.

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

AIDS Hotline, 800-AIDS-411.

AIDS Testing, 534-4666.

Air Quality Hotline, 373-9560.

Alcoholics Anonymous, 375-8620.

American Cancer Society Gifts Program, 800-ACS-2345.

Amnesty International, for info call, 250-5190.

Ask-A-Nurse, 377-8488.

Big Springs Riding Stable, 225-8589.

Boating Info for State Park waters, 538-7221.

BYU INFO, 378-INFO.

Camping at Utah State Parks, 322-3770 or 800-322-3700.

Cancer Information Service, 800-4-CANCER.

Center for Women and Children in Crisis, 374-9351.

Concert Hotline, 536-1234.

Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.

Dial-A-Story, 379-6675.

Geneva Steel Plant Tours, 227-9240.

Governor, 538-1000.

Help Stop Poaching Hotline, 800-662-3337.

LDS Social Services, 378-7620.

Massages, full body/full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.

PACT, Peer Approach Counseling by Teens, 355-2804.

Peace Corps Recruiting Office, 581-5100.

People Who Care, family and friends of homosexuals, 373-5980.

Pet Placement, 467-3735.

Rape Crisis, for info & to volunteer call, 467-RAPE.

Red Butte Arboretum Hotline, 581-4747.

Reserve a Park Pavillion, 379-6600.

Sierra Club Hotline, latest national environmental news, 202-547-5550.

Smith's Tix, 800-888-TIXX.

Sonic Garden, concerts & new releases, 37-SONIC.

Student Review Office, 377-2980.

Time and Temperature, 373-9120.

Uinta National Forest, 377-5780.

United Way, volunteer opportunities, 374-6400.

UTA, 375-4636.

Utah Birdline, 538-4730.

Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-4000.

Utah Caring Program for Children, 481-6615.

Utah Tenants United, 359-2444.

Utah Tourism and Recreation, 538-1030.

Utahns Against Hunger, 328-2561.

White House, 202-456-1414.

Wildflower Hotline, 581-4747.

YWCA Programs, 355-2804.

EDITOR'S PICK

Stop by Mama's Cafe tonight for the open mike poetry reading. Read some of your own poems you have hidden away in your drawers or from your favorite writers. It's a free for all. Don't miss the Etruscan exhibit in the new art museum, this is one of only four places in the country that it will be shown. It will be attracting a lot of attention to BYU and our museum so you best go see what all the fuss will be about.